

Examinations: Chichi

by Riah-chan

Category: Dragon Ball Z

Genre: Drama

Language: English

Characters: Chi-Chi

Status: Completed

Published: 2000-04-23 09:00:00

Updated: 2000-04-23 09:00:00

Packaged: 2016-04-27 16:17:24

Rating: K

Chapters: 1

Words: 570

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Chichi visits a psychiatrist in the wake of the Cell Game.

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> <p>Chichi was sitting in a psychiatrist's office. Sure, the doctor had tried to make it comfortable. The chair she was in was quite comfortable and there was a table with an unfinished puzzle, a rubix cube, a deck of cards and various other assorted toys, but she was still in a psychiatrist's office. And she did not want to be there.<p>

"You look rather tense Mrs. Son."

"Oh!" she said startled and looking up. "I'm fine."

"You don't want to be here, do you?"

"Why do you say that?"

"You haven't said any thing for the past ten minutes."

"I suppose you're right." Chichi looked down at her hands which were folded in her lap.

"Then why are you here?"

Chichi looked up again. "Well, Bulma asked me to come... she said that she was worried and that this might help." She shifted as if

uncomfortable.

"Do you think it will?"

"Not really." She looked down at the table for a moment and picked up the deck of cards and started going through them.

"Why not?"

"It won't bring my husband back. It won't give my children a father." Chichi unconsciously slid a protective arm around her widening midriff.

"Ahhh... Ms. Briefs told me that you were expecting. Congratulations."

Chichi nodded without looking up and added a "Thank you" almost as an afterthought. She resumed going through the cards, not looking at the doctor.

"Ms. Briefs also told me that you instruct your son in his studies."

Chichi nodded, again without looking up. "He has a lot to make up for after all that time out fighting with his father."

"You want him to become a scholar."

Chichi nodded again.

"Doesn't he need to train? What if another threat comes?"

"He can train, but his studies come first." She continued going through the cards, now and then moving some through the pile.

"Why do you want him to become a scholar?"

Chichi stopped going through the cards and sat still for a few moments. Then, she looked up. There was a glistening in her eyes. "I want him to study, become a scholar, and give his wife a nice stable and orderly life. I don't ever want his wife to go through what I've gone through. I want him to stay with her and be there to raise his children and not take them away from her. Is it wrong to want your son to grow up and be a good man?" She wiped her eyes with the tips of her fingers.

"Mrs. Son..."

Chichi stood up and set the cards down. "I think I'll go now. I've taken up enough of your time."

The doctor furrowed his brow and then nodded. "Of course Mrs. Son. Just one more question... Was his father a good man?"

"His father was a great man. Sometimes I wish he hadn't been so great."

He stood up and led her to the door. Closing it after her exit, he walked back to the table and looked down at the perfectly ordered deck of cards.

Owari.

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Disclaimer: None of the DBZ characters are mine... I'm just borrowing them... Please don't sue!

Author's Notes: This was the first fic that I ever wrote and I happen to really like it... I hope you do too.

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file.